

THE WOOING O'T!

["In 1898 American Society was kept on the tip-toe of excitement by the cabled reports of the attentions that Scotland's youngest Duke was paying America's richest heiress."—From "The Story of the Roxburghe Courtship," in the "Daily Express."]

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

London, October 1.—Most important news. I hear that the Duke of PECKHAM and Miss MARIA K. PETROL, who are fellow-guests just now at Topton Towers, seem much attached to each other. Have secured under-footman's place at the Towers, and leave to-night to commence investigations.

Topton, Oct. 2.—News seems to have spread. Seven other newspaper men have arrived. Busy all day secreting cameras and phonographs in likely spots. Nothing happened as yet.

Oct. 3.—Duke sat next to Miss P. at dinner. Am sending two-column report of their conversation. Nothing very decisive in it. Five more journalists arrived to-day. Some are disguised as gardeners, &c., others are camping out in the coverts. Have my suspicions that Miss P.'s maid is a representative of the *Daily Rag-bag*.

Oct. 4.—Most important. Duke and Miss P. sat together in conservatory last night; hiding behind large palms, the *Upper-Crust* man and myself secured absolutely verbatim note. All other newspapers completely left. Talk more than friendly, as you will see. Head it. "SHE SAID, 'HOW SYMPATHETIC YOU ARE!'" and set in large caps.

Oct. 5.—Sunday. They went to church to-day. When some banns were read I am sure they looked at each other. Snapped them with my Kodak in the act. (Later) After lunch, they sat together in the garden. Duke happened to hear a noise in the laurel-bushes just behind the seat. Went to examine, and discovered six newspaper men and Miss JONES of the *Twinkler* hidden there, with pencils and notebooks in their hands. He was very angry. Luckily, I was in another bush, with my phonograph. Secured splendid record. Publish as special article, "How Dukes Swear." N.B. A little editing will be required.

Oct. 7.—Excitement grows. TIPSON of the *Carriion-Crow* has executed clever coup. Disguised as the Duke's pet St. Bernard, he accompanied the pair on a stroll in the dusk last night. He has cabled to his journal some fine head-lines: "HE POPS TO-MORROW," "HER EYES ARE FIXED ON HIM," "WILL SHE SAY 'YES?'" Smart man, TIPSON. He thinks the event will take place in the garden. I've put my money on the Conservatory, and have made preparations accordingly.



HAPPY IGNORANCE.

Lady Canvasser (very much up to date, and under the impression that everyone thoroughly understands the Fiscal Question, to wife of Voter). "WELL, MY DEAR, AND WHAT DO YOU THINK OF 'OUR JOE' NOW?"

Young Mrs. Giles (coolly). "TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, MA'AM, MY HUSBAND, DICK, IS A BIT JEALOUS, AND SAYS I OUGHTN'T TO THINK OF ANYONE ELSE 'CEPT HIM!'"

Oct. 8.—Victory! He has proposed. She called him "Darling," and I have secured absolutely exclusive report! Feeling sure that the Conservatory was the place, I arranged my cinematographs and phonographs there. It came off just as I hoped, and I have records of every word they said, and a complete set of photographs, including a superb one of their first kiss! We must publish special number at once; I bring material by next train.

SOME "EFFICIENCY" TESTS.

A *Boy's Leader* Prize Competition (in which "parents may help their son to win") includes the problems, "What famous British soldier is known as

'BOBS'?" and "When was King EDWARD THE SEVENTH born?" Our competition expert suggests the following tests:—

1. Add the figures 2 and 2. (*Encyclopædia Britannica* may be consulted for this puzzle.)
2. What well-known name is concealed in "CH-MB-RL-N"?
3. Write down first verse of "God Save the King," and name—if possible—the authors of (a) *Hamlet*; (b) "The Absent-Minded Beggar." (Nearest guess will be accepted.)
4. Conundrum—When is a door not a door? (Candidates under 15 may enlist help outside the family for this enigma.)

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ITALY IN LONDON.

[The Editor of the *Sphere*, in a letter to the *Daily Mail*, protests against the attitude of Lord Byron and others, who would expel the organ-grinder from our streets, and so "make London a dull dreary city instead of the vivacious and picturesque place" which he (Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER) "would wish it to be." He cites Lord Byron's great ancestor as one who loved the produce of Italy too well to have countenanced such a scheme. This epoch-shaking subject is further discussed in the latest of "Mr. Punch's Symposia" on p. 350 of the present issue.]

O DEAF to all emollient arts,
London, on whom are freely lavished
Tunes that have tickled savage hearts,
Yet yours alone remains unravished;

When breath of Teuton bands is borne
From out the detonative trumpet,
It leaves your marrow cold and *morne*
As yesterday's discarded crumpet.

When Roman minstrels ply for pence
With music fit to melt a Gorgon,
You hail the Force; you clamour "Hence
With yonder bestial barrel-organ!"

Yet there have been exalted men
Who thought the case deserved a lyric;
BLADES, for example, deigned to pen
An ape-importer's panegyric;

And BYRON too, I've understood,—
BYRON, who doted on polenta,
And, but for Missolonghi, would
No doubt have perished at Magenta;—

Who, under warm Italian skies,
So long and eloquently carolled
Of local charms that cheered the eyes
Of that portentous tripper, *Harold*—

BYRON, I say, on such a theme
(As Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER hints!)
Might well have filled a casual ream,
Although the stuff was never printed.

And in our midst we have, this hour,
An advocate of street harmonics,
Who finds in these a source of power
Surpassing more material tonics.

Rocked by the organ's rhythmic airs
His prose acquires that ease of manner
Which makes the *Sphere* this Atlas bear
Well worth its price—a paltry tanner.

And he would have about his ears,
In places where no actual bird is,
Music of all the other spheres
Rolled from a hundred hurdy-gurdies.

Nay more, his scheme enjoys a scope
Outreaching private aspirations;
It is, I think, his honest hope
To knit the comity of nations;

For, courtier-like, he has his view
Exposed in London's leading Daily
By way of timely welcome to
Italia's King, EMANUELE!

O. S.

Master. And what happened to Achilles in his infancy?
Boy. His mother dipped him in the River Styx, and
he became intolerable.

A PLEA FOR EXTENDING THE ZOO.

[Mr. C. J. CORNISH suggests in the *County Gentleman* that our London parks would be rendered more attractive if animals were introduced into them. As instances, he gives Highland cattle and Cashmir goats. But why stop here? There is room for all.]

From an advance copy of the "Animals' Friend."

THE introduction of leopards into Whitechapel has proved a great success. The intelligent creatures crouch on the leads of the houses and spring on to the shoulders of pedestrians. As the dwellers in the neighbourhood are now afraid to leave their houses, Hooliganism has entirely ceased, and it has been found possible to withdraw the entire body of police from the district, with the exception of P.C. 843 of the X division, whose condition is precarious. He met a leopard in Commercial Street. The fear entertained by certain of our readers lest the carnivores should move further West may be dismissed. A leopard rarely changes its favourite spots.

We cannot believe that the gentleman who writes to this morning's *Times* to complain of the crocodiles in the Round Pond is really serious. That his son, AUBREY JAMES, should have been devoured by one of the saurians in question is of course to be deplored, but a mere accident must not blind us to the true value of the experiment. Before the advent of the crocodiles a visit to the Round Pond was, for adults at least, dull. Now it is Society's favourite pastime.

What used to be a source of some unpleasantness between employer and employed in the City, namely, the habit of the latter of taking more than the regulation hour for lunch, is now at an end. Since bears, formerly confined to the Stock Exchange, have been let loose in all the principal thoroughfares, clerks have made a practice of bringing their lunch with them in the shape of sandwiches. They feel it would be unwise to go out to lunch while the present uncertainty prevails as to whether they would be the active or the passive agents in the transaction. Most of the City restaurants have closed their doors. It keeps the bears out.

Will the gentleman who rang us up on the telephone to say that he saw a distended tiger, wearing a smile on its face, leave the office of this newspaper at 1 P.M. yesterday, write stating which way it was going? The editor is missing.

A curious incident took place during the performance of *'Hamlet'* last night. While giving his famous soliloquy Mr. TREE was suddenly interrupted by uproarious laughter from the stalls. Cries of *'Silence'* issued from every quarter of the house, but the noise continued. Just as it seemed impossible that the piece could be proceeded with, the author of the disturbance was discovered. It was one of the hyenas recently laid down in the Haymarket by the L.C.C., which had stolen in unperceived. The offender was speedily ejected, still chuckling, and the play was resumed.

Now that the London Fire Brigade has substituted giraffes for the old-fashioned fire escapes, a fatal fire should be the rarest of occurrences. At a recent conflagration in Northumberland Avenue good work was also done by the new elephants, who squirted water on the flames with great accuracy and force. It is rumoured that the trunk is to supersede the hose.

A NIGHT ATTACK.—The *Daily News*, in its contempt for sport, goes too far. In Wednesday's programme for the visit of the King of ITALY it announces the following item:—
9 P.M.—Pheasant shooting in the Park.



TACTFUL SYMPATHY.

Genial Friend. "Hullo, Old Man, GETTING ON ALL RIGHT?"



PANEM—ET CIRCENSES.

From the "Daily To-morrow" of 1920.

"We report this morning several contributions made last night by speakers of eminence towards questions of the hour, but they were for the most part of a tame and uninteresting character, approximating rather to those colourless addresses which satisfied orators of the nineteenth century, than to the more decorative performances to which the twentieth has accustomed us, ever since Mr. Punch, in his issue of November 11, 1903, hinted at the possible developments of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S illustration by leaves. For details we must refer our readers to the full reports appearing in other columns of our paper, our only desire here being to call attention to the danger in which present-day speakers seem to us to stand of relapsing into a featureless and unimaginative form of exposition from which we hoped we had definitely escaped.

"It is true that Mr. LIONEL LACKLAND varied the monotony of his usual diatribes against the Game Laws by letting loose twelve brace of pheasants in the middle of his address, and handing guns to his supporters on the platform that they might illustrate the sickening battues in which the landlords and moneyed classes constantly indulge. But this piece of—at the best—rather obvious 'business' left the spectators cold and unmoved, and but for the fact that the erratic marksmanship of the chairman resulted in some loss of blood in the great gallery we should not think it worthy of notice. What really was remarkable was the number of opportunities for dramatic illustration which Mr. LACKLAND let slip. It will scarcely be believed that his otherwise eloquent description of night poaching was not even accompanied by any attempt to turn out the gas and attack the policemen in the hall, who were in poor force, and could easily have been reduced to pulp. We need scarcely say more.

"At Manchester Sir BENJAMIN BITEM'S speech on Extra-Compound Retaliation was marred by the same defects. 'When hit, hit back,' is a sound doctrine, and Sir BENJAMIN'S illustration of his methods might have been well enough in the privacy of a study; but on a public platform the sight of an elderly and somewhat corpulent Baronet eluding the recoil of a punching-ball with indifferent success is obviously not—in any sense—striking enough to stimulate the fancy of spectators accustomed to better things. We are no advocate of pugilism, but one can no more expect to sway the crowd by mere talk than to make omelettes without eggs: the pro-



READY MADE.

She. "WE'RE INVITED TO THE TALBOTS' FANCY DRESS BALL. WILL YOU GO?"

He. "FANCY DRESS! OH, I SAY, LOOK HERE, YOU KNOW, RATHER NOT. I DON'T WANT TO MAKE MYSELF LOOK A SILLY ASS!"

fession of a politician carries with it duties as well as privileges, and we fearlessly assert that, had Sir BENJAMIN indulged in even half a dozen rounds with a stalwart German under Queensberry rules, his appearance at the finish would have won him the sympathy of the meeting more than any number of futile displays of desultory sparring with inanimate objects.

"We do not wish to labour the point, and we think we have said enough to explain our view. It is pleasant in conclusion to be able to add a word of praise to Mr. JOHN GIBBET'S forcible

attack on our system of capital punishment. That it is a hideous anachronism we all believe, but the manner in which Mr. GIBBET, at the conclusion of a stirring peroration, flung a rope over a previously prepared beam and hanged one of our leading contemporary's reporters out of hand, was an object lesson as dramatic as it was instructive. We venture to say that the adoption of his methods by all speakers on the subject would lead to an agitation in the Press of such unparalleled force and unanimity that nothing could stand before it."

TOO LATE!

(With acknowledgments to the "Daily Express.")

[A prize of £25 is offered by the *Express* to the owner of the first parrot able to speak distinctly the phrase, "Your food will cost you more."]

I HAVE got a talking Polly,
And I thought it would be jolly
If (as pounds with me are scarce) I
Could increase my slender store;
What a simple undertaking!
Five-and-twenty pounds for making
My old parrot learn one sentence,
Viz. "Your food will cost you more!"

Full of hope I started teaching,
And the parrot started screeching,
And I tried my very utmost
Every day from ten to four;
Then a phonograph I bought him,
And with this for hours I taught him,
But he merely looked sagacious,
And politely asked for more.

Then a sudden madness took me,
And a frightful passion shook me,
And I seized that stupid parrot
And I dashed him to the floor;
But, oh heavens, as he lay there,
What was that I heard him say there?
With his dying breath I heard him
Say, "Your food will cost you more!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Seventh Number of *The Ancestor* (CONSTABLE & Co., LTD.), edited by OSWALD BARRON, F.S.A., escaped the other Baron's notice in this October just passed. It is one of the most interesting volumes of this very interesting series. Too high praise cannot be bestowed on the care, the painstaking labour and the accuracy of statement, after most involved research, displayed in the production of any one paper in these volumes. To go through the contents of this volume alone would occupy a student a good quarter of a year, so in this instance the Baron will merely select for especial remark the paper on *The Massingberds*, by the Rev. W. O. MASSINGBERD; *English Counts*, by HORACE ROUND; *A Tale of Bristol City*, by BRUCE MARSH, without the slightest allusion in it to THACKERAY'S *Three Sailors of Bristol City*; and the interesting reproduction of *The Seals of the Barons* who signed a letter to the POPE, as collected and vouched for by H. ROUND, Sir H. MAXWELL-LYTE, W. H. ST. JOHN HOPE, and the editor. The ancestor of the present Baron de B.-W. (whose seal will shortly appear) was absent from England at the particular juncture here recorded, being at the time engaged on a secret mission of the utmost public importance abroad, but he will take advantage of the earliest opportunity afforded him to affix his seal, motto and signature, as ancestrally spelt, to a forthcoming document.

In Mr. CUTCLIFFE HYNE'S last book, *McTodd* (MACMILLAN), the Scotch engineer of that name has the ship all to himself, without rivalry on the part of the incomparable *Captain Kettle*. He fills it a low and aloft with revelations, often unconscious, of a rare character. He has a singular gift of getting into bad company, where he comports himself with a gravity and infinite variety of resource that keeps every page aglow with interest. There are three influences ever at work with Neil Angus McTodd. One is the memory of his

father, formerly a Free Kirk parson in far-off Ballindrochar. The second is his widowed mother, who, dependent upon his support, still lives near the manse. The third, more nearly approaching the ever present, is the whisky-bottle. One of the most amusing of the dozen stories that make the book is *McTodd's* voyage as second engineer on board a teetotal ship. Even better is the log of his cruise to Spitzbergen with *Widow Larsen*, bent on establishing a cannery designed to provide Europe with prime Chicago beef cut out of the carcasses of dead whales. Ever the victim of evil design, *McTodd*, having seen the wicked flourish like a green bay tree, lives to enjoy the sight of their withering decay. Apart from its brimming humour, its shrewd description of men and women, my Baronite finds in the book some graphic pictures of life and scenery in Arctic regions and elsewhere.

On the subject of *Records and Reminiscences*, by Sir FRANCIS BURNAND (METHUEN), the Baron's Hibernian henchman thus delivers his mind:—

Here is a medley to suit every mood:
Mirthful, if mirth be your favourite food;
Tender in dealing with friends that are gone;
True to the comrades who keep jogging on.
Varied the story our Editor tells,
Showing a *verve* no vicissitude quells,—
Tales of "my tutor"—whose Eton cognomen,
"Judy," was surely an eloquent omen;
Life on the Cam, where the A.D.C. kindled
Thespian flames that have never since dwindled;
Then a brief trial of Law and its fetters,
Ending ere long with a verdict for—Letters;
Tales of the *maximi*, DICKENS and THACKERAY,
Tales of the mediums' ingenious quackery;
Records of "MARK," never known to be surly,
"Pöni" MAYHEW, "the PROFESSOR," and "SHIRLEY";
Life at the "Table" for seasons two score,
Anecdotes, autographs, pictures galore;
Judges and cardinals, mummers and sages,
Such is the theme of these generous pages.
Memoirs I've known that were staid, sublimer
(So writes the Baron's Hibernian rhymist),
Still, for a mixture of earnest and jest,
Those of our Chief are the gayest and best.

It was a happy thought on the part of L. D. L., whoever he may be, and of the publishers, Messrs. LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., to call upon *Sam Weller* for his famous song about the *Bold Turpin*, and to fit it up with lively illustrations, plain and coloured, to catch the book fanciers at Christmas time. The pictures carry us somewhat beyond the legend of the ballad, which, as may be remembered, pulled up somewhat short, much after the style of *Sam's* valentine. The pictures are spirited, the colouring bright and clear, but unless it be conceded that, in this instance, "killing is no murder," the Baron owns his inability to perceive where, in the shooting of a bishop and his coachman by a highwayman, the fun comes in. The professional gentlemen who formed *Mr. Weller's* audience for this ditty severely criticised the attitude of the coachman as being a libel on the cloth, and the clergy may object to the comic representation of this summary and quite unjustifiable removal of an eminent divine from his place on the episcopal bench. Be this as it may, the Baron is bound to notice one singular oversight, and, as *Mr. Weller, Senior*, on another occasion, asked, "Why worn't there an alleybi?" so the Baron inquires regretfully, "Why worn't there a composer engaged to set the ditty to a taking tune, with chorus, the music being printed clearly as an accompaniment to this book?"

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



PURE AND UNDILUTED.

Squire Toper (pulling up). "WATER? AH—UM—THANK'Y'. NOT TAKING ANY!"

A LAMENT FOR SAMUEL.

[Samuel was a Polar Bear, who died recently of pleurisy in the Zoological Gardens.]

O listen, listen, ladies gay!

No haughty feat of arms I tell;

Soft is the note, and sad the lay

That mourns the lovely Samuel.

Let the kind tear be freely shed;

Weep, ye that loved him, weep, for he is dead.

He came a youngling from the rigid North,

Untimely rapt from his protesting dam,

To earn a people's love, and bear thenceforth

The ludicrous but honoured name of Sam.

Twice seven years a quiet life he led;

Weep, ye that loved him, weep, for he is dead.

White was his ample fleece, and black his eye,

And oh, his sense of humour! 'Twas his game

To filch umbrellas from the passers-by,

And with apparent relish eat the same,

While the despoiled breathed curses on his head;

Weep, ye that loved him, weep, for he is dead.

He was not made for climates such as this;

Our English summer pierced him to the bone;

"Give me," he sighed, with bitter emphasis,

"The genial horrors of my native zone!

This is the very——" Thus and thus he said;

Weep, ye that loved him, weep, for he is dead.

Alas! We knew not that he inly wanned,

We could not look beneath that snowy pell;

Only we saw him frolic in his pond,

Only we thought: "How blithe is Samuel!"

No minatory cough awoke our dread;

Weep, ye that loved him, weep, for he is dead.

Had we but dreamed that he was scantily drest,

And that the deuce was going on within,

He should have worn a muffler for his chest,

Flannel and shammy leather next his skin;

He should have had hot bottles in his bed;

Weep, ye that loved him, weep, for he is dead.

But pleurisy has knocked him out of time.

His lungs were delicate; the wear and tear

Of long exposure to our frequent clime

Has been too many for a Polar Bear;

And Death came sweeping up with sudden tread;

Weep, ye that loved him, weep, for he is dead.

DUM-DUM.

A Constant Dropping.

Father Sullivan (watching Murphy of the Blazers, who has again come to grief at a wall). Bedad he'll soon have quarried a gap in ivery wall in Galway. He goes no faster than DONOVAN's hearse, and he falls over ivery obsthacle he encounthers.

Father O'Grady. Faith, ye're right there. MURPHY cavat lapidem non vi sed saypy cadendo!

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.

IV.—SHOULD ORGAN-GRINDERS BE
EXPELLED?SCENE—Interior of the Yellow Van on
Saffron Hill.

PRESENT.

Mr. Maz Pemberton.
Lord Byron.
Prof. Flinders Petrie.
"Viscount Hinton."
Mr. Richard Whiteing.
M. Paderevski.
Mr. Arnold White.
Sir August Manns.
Lord Avebury.
Mr. Andrew Lang.

Mr. Maz Pemberton. As you are doubtless aware, Lord BYRON, Professor FLINDERS PETRIE and myself have already issued a manifesto appealing to the nation for support in our crusade. We think, however, that a little quiet discussion on the subject cannot but promote the end we have in view, i.e. the deliverance of art, letters and science from the dominion of din. Good as I am told my romances now are, they would, I am convinced, be vastly better if our city were a silent one. Let our urban authorities consider what they are losing.

Prof. Flinders Petrie. Silence gives content.

Mr. Andrew Lang. May I ask the name of the gentleman whose delicate literary art is injured by organ-grinders?

Lord Byron. Mr. MAX PEMBERTON.

Mr. Andrew Lang. It conveys nothing to me. Miss Pinkerton I have heard of in *Vanity Fair*, and *Uncle Pumblechook* in *Great Expectations*, but not the sensitive genius in the chair. No matter. Pray proceed.

Lord Byron. I try to associate myself with every word that has fallen from the lips of our Chairman. As my gifted namesake remarks somewhere—in *Don Juan*, I think,

Seated one day near an organ
I was weary and ill at ease—

undoubtedly a hint of the attitude he would have taken up on this all-important subject.

Mr. Richard Whiteing. The view expressed by the last speaker confirms me in my conviction as to the tyrannous influence on our social life exerted by the feudal nobility. In John Street nothing gave me greater pleasure than to see the little slum children dancing to the beneficent strains of the barrel-organ. I oppose his lordship in toe-toe.

"Viscount Hinton." Excuse me, the aristocracy are not all built that way. No member of the proletariat can touch me as an executant on the piano-organ,

while Lord DYSART, I am given to understand by my friends at Ham, is a matchless performer on the pianola.

Mr. Arnold White. If street music were discouraged by natives, it would be right enough. What I object to is the fact that it is entirely in the hands of undesirable aliens, Dagos, Italians, Poles—

M. Paderevski. The man who speaks of the Poles as undesirable must answer for that statement with his blood.

Mr. Arnold White (with emotion). I would as soon speak disrespectfully of the Equator as of the Poles.

Mr. Maz Pemberton. Gentlemen, I think we are deviating from the main issue—is the organ-grinder, irrespective of nationality, a nuisance or is he not? I can only say that in one of the most poignant situations of my new romance, *Doctor Xavier*, I was within an ace of losing my temper and the thread of the story owing to the persistence with which a swarthy fiend serenaded me with a selection from the *Iron Pirates of Penzance*.

Professor Flinders Petrie. My experience was even more disconcerting. As I was recently engaged in unrolling the wrappings in which a long defunct Egyptian potentate was swathed, an impudent street singer accompanied my exertions with a ballad of which the refrain seemed to be "Kiss him for his mummy."

Lord Avebury. Personally, I must confess I do not resent the strains of an organ. It is pleasant among the money bags of the City to be reminded by the strains of "*The Honeysuckle and the Bee*" of pursuits more to one's mind in the country.

Mr. Maz Pemberton. But the delicate handling of a situation is impossible when the organ-grinder is at his distracting pursuits.

Mr. Andrew Lang. I forget the name of the last speaker, but he seems to value his outpourings very highly.

"Viscount Hinton." And on the other hand, what about an organ-grinder's delicate handling, when an angry author is shouting at him from the doorstep?

Mr. Andrew Lang. Who is that?

Prof. Flinders Petrie. "Viscount HINTON."

Mr. Andrew Lang. Ah, yes, I have stayed with him.

Prof. Flinders Petrie. If the ancient Egyptians reached a high point of civilisation it was largely because they were unembarrassed by the presence of organ-grinders.

Sir August Manns. Yet it took a HANDEL to write *Moses in Egypt*.

Lord Byron. This is jesting with a very serious subject. I assure the gentlemen present that my name would not have been placed at the foot of this

petition had I not thought very long and earnestly about it.

Mr. Maz Pemberton. And we are only on the threshold of our agonies. I understand that a tune of peculiar and subtle noisomeness, called "*Hiawatha*," is on its way to this country from America.

"Viscount Hinton." I am delighted to hear it. I shall order a double-barrelled organ at once, to cope with the necessities of the case.

Lord Avebury. Why not a motor-organ?

Mr. Richard Whiteing. Or a yellow van? They move very quickly.

Mr. Maz Pemberton. Then I shall withdraw to some country where decent by-laws are enforced.

Mr. Andrew Lang. It would be simpler to stop writing, or have wax put in your ears like the crew of ULYSSES.

[At this moment the strains of "*Hiawatha*" penetrated the sanctuary in which the discussion was raging. "Viscount HINTON" burst into tears, Lord AVEBURY and Mr. WHITEING were visibly affected, Lord BYRON sat down to write to the "*Times*," and Mr. MAX PEMBERTON hurried for the police.]

CHARIVARIA.

THE weather is still up to its tricks. The latest freak was that last week we had a November day in November.

Attention has been drawn in the *Pall Mall Magazine* to the fact that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is not at all like the caricatures which we are accustomed to see. It may not be generally known that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, with his customary astuteness, realised this long since, and the reason why he wears an orchid is to show who he is.

Lord ROSEBERY considers it is no good trying to recover our lost trade. "Let bygones be bygones," he said the other day in his speech on the fiscal question.

It is rumoured that the *Daily News* is realising that its bread-poster has encouraged the evils of gambling, as much as 5 to 3 having been laid "on the little 'un," and that the poster will therefore be withdrawn from circulation.

There is, according to recent disclosures, a huge business in rotten eggs in the East End. They are used in making confectionery and in frying fish, and it is feared that a General Election would seriously dislocate these two trades.

We are, it is reported, on the eve of

great changes in the Army. The cavalry, we are told, are to be trained with a view to possible service in a war. The men are to be accustomed to ride six on one animal, so as to be prepared for the shortage of horses that would ensue on the outbreak of hostilities.

The Committee to consider the proposal for an Army Board will sit at once, but its recommendations, it is stated, will not be put into force until 1905. Foreign Powers are kindly requested not to make war on us before that date.

Proceedings are to be taken against certain Music Halls for usurping the functions of the Theatres. This is considered rather cool by the Music Halls, who say that the boot is on the other foot. Slowly but surely it is the theatres that are becoming unfit for us, and the music-halls that are getting dull.

Inspector MELVILLE will retire at the end of the month. A dinner to congratulate themselves is, we hear, being arranged by the London Anarchists for an early date in December.

Attention has been drawn to the evil effects on one's health that may result from sucking Post Office pencils. Much more dangerous to our mind, and in the opinion of the entire dental profession, is the suggestion that managers of restaurants, and others, should follow an American custom, and exhibit a notice on rainy days: "Visitors will when entering just rub their gums on the mat."

Stringent regulations have been drawn up by the Russian Government, making it impossible for Jewish invalids to stay at Russian seaside resorts.

The Czar continues to be horrified at the inhuman excesses of the Turks in Macedonia.

We hear that a bargain is about to be struck between Great Britain and Servia. In consideration of King PETER's Government taking back the Servian Gipsies and their bears, at present encamped near Dover, the British Government will formally recognise the new régime, and resume diplomatic relations.

The Government has, after all, adopted the *Daily Express* plan, and not that suggested by the *Daily Mail*, for the reform of the War Office. This is difficult to understand, seeing that the *Mail* has (we are nearly sure) been a supporter of Mr. BALFOUR's policy from the first. It is supposed to be due to some bungling on the part of a minor official.

TOMMY SMITH PLAYS INDIANS.



Tommy. "THE GREAT CHIEF, FEARLESS DOG, WILL SIT HERE UNTIL HE HAS CAUGHT THE FAT SALMON TO TAKE TO HIS SQUAW, THE BEAUTIFUL FLYING FAWN."



THE SQUAW GOT NO SALMON.

The gentleman who wrote to the *Daily Mail* to say that he was suffering from brain fag, and signed his letter "CANTAB," is not a present member of the University.

The American millionaire who published the fact that he was willing to pay £1,000 for an ear has been inundated with offers, and he is said to be now considering whether, being a millionaire, he could not wear more than one set of ears. What would strike us over here as ostentatious would not necessarily be considered so in America.

The German General Staff has issued some remarks on the recent struggle in South Africa. The moral drawn is that "every new war renders a change in offensive methods necessary." We

hope that the German Press will remember this dictum when next we go to war.

A telegram from St. Petersburg corrects the statements in the foreign Press regarding the occupation of Mukden by the Russians. It appears that Russian troops have been sent to that place solely for the purpose of restoring order, in the event of its being disturbed by their arrival.

Jeu de Vie.

GENTLEWOMAN, strong, young, own income, fond of life, music, bridge, and other games . . . desires Home as Companion.

Morning Post.

This must be one of the "women merely players" that *Jaques* moralised about.



Mrs. Homeleigh. "YOUR HUSBAND IS AT HIS CLUB A GOOD DEAL, ISN'T HE?"

Lady Gadabout. "YES. THE POOR BOY HATES BEING AT HOME ALONE, YOU KNOW."

MR. PUNCH'S FISCAL CANVASS.

II.

THE following are the clearly expressed views of an unbiassed foreigner (M. MAETERLINCK) on the subject of the Resignations:—

"A silence can not become divine unless each of those whose feet are lapped by its far-off waves listens to what the silence is saying. The pale, blue summits where the eternal truths sit hand in hand, and the remoter caverns where an angel looks into a murderer's candid eyes, and is still—these are equally distant from the plains of intelligibility. Even in a place the most ordinary, a Cabinet meeting, a soul may speak to another soul in silence, like the silence which listens always at the keyhole of life. But should it happen that there are present two men who do not understand how

much that which is said is less important than that which is not said, who have not learned to listen to the footfall of an announcement drawing nearer through the stillness, then these two will go their way, having heard nothing but opinions opposed, useless, the superficial things which may be expressed in words. But the greater, steeper truths—the truth that already CHAMBERLAIN had resigned, and that therefore they might stay—were spoken silently, from soul to soul, and they did not hear. Even now, when they have gone forth to the research of misunderstandings and suppressions, they do not seek explanation in the meadows where it grazes, on the slopes of their own failure to mark the unspoken. But the soul of a little child would know that the true comment upon a silence can never be anything save another silence."

To the Poet Laureate we are indebted for the accompanying *brochure* on the Imperial attitude of the Colonies:—

I.

"Loyal, though far away,
Surely they'll always stay!
Though Empire may not pay,
Still, it's a symbol!
Was it for pelf they fought
Bravely (though quite untaught),
Side by our side, and caught
Th' enemy nimble?"

II.

"Ill from the thick, green smell
Which rose where lyddite fell
(Knowing but too, too well
Just what the stench meant);
Onward through shell and shot,
Some hit and others not,
Pressed they until they got
To the intrenchment."

III.

"These, when in death his clutch,
These heroes are not such
As to demand how much
Foodstuffs they sell us.
No! while the bullet sings
They think of other things
Than what the freighter brings
Over the billows."

REFLECTIONS ON THE MIRROR.

[A sum of £1,000 is to be divided among the writers of postcards containing the best suggestions for improving the *Daily Mirror*. We print some of the postcards which have reached Mr. Punch's offices by mistake.]

My suggestion is simply this: Give away twopence with every copy. Nothing else will then approach you in popularity.
C. S. LOCH.

Might not something be done by selling an Encyclopædia on the instalment system? I don't know whether any paper has tried this, but it sounds enterprising.
ANDREW LANG.

A coloured supplement suitable for framing would be a great inducement to purchasers. So would a pound of high tea.
A. W. PINERO.

If the paper really were a mirror, I think that not only I, but many other ladies would buy it more readily. Could not a little piece of glass be let into the front sheet, or take the place of the "leading article?"
RITA.

Get a serial story by some well-known man, such as JOE CHAMBERLAIN or even HIS MAJESTY.
A. P. WATT.

I should change the title. *The Mail's Wife* would be more attractive: neat, pleasing, and, I venture to think, epigrammatic if not positively witty.
J. H. CHOATE.

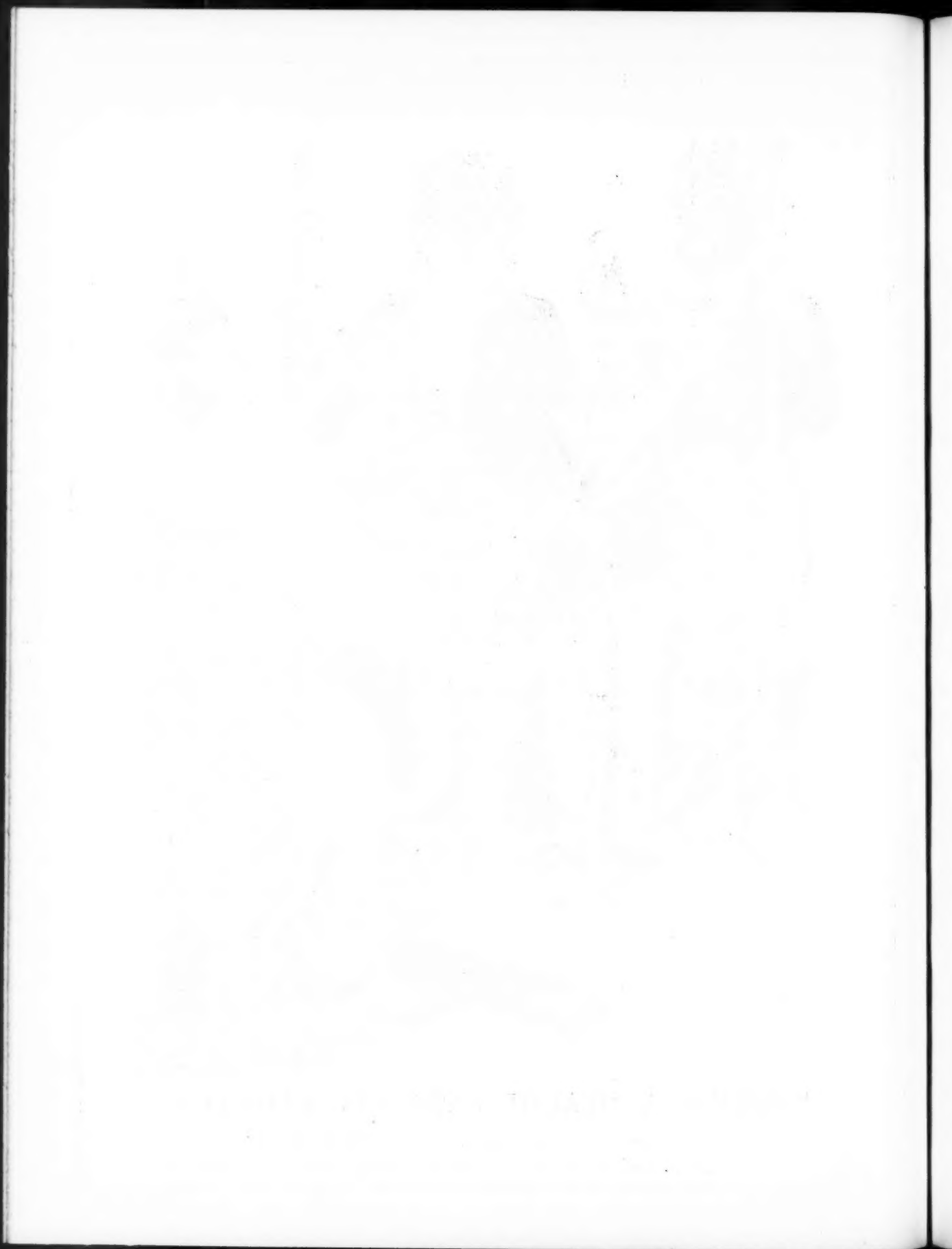
How to improve the *Daily Mirror*?
Stop it.
MISOGYNIST.



“HERE'S A HEALTH UNTO HIS MAJESTY!”

LONDON (to the KING OF ITALY). “ALLA SUA SALUTE, MAESTÀ!”

[His Majesty the King of Italy is to be present at a luncheon at the Guildhall on Thursday, November 19.]



THE NEWEST GAITY.

It was as well to have the brand-new Gaiety Theatre thoroughly aired before we decided on paying it our first visit. It is now just on three weeks since it was opened in state, that is, in such state as was compatible with a freshly built and newly gilt house (interior completed, but men still at work on exterior), and not yet has the odour of paintity entirely departed from the spacious auditorium in spite of its having been filled night after night, and *matinée* after *matinée*, with its full complement—the greatest compliment (with an “i”) and most substantial tribute to the popularity of JOYOUS GEORGE, or “Jingling GEORDIE,” the Manager with the plural surname of EDWARDES, as representing about four or five single managements rolled into one. This deservedly popular Theatrical Pluralist is to be heartily congratulated on his newly-built, well constructed, tastefully decorated and most commodiously and conveniently arranged New Gaiety, which surely must be all his fancy painted and all that art of architect could conceive, and all that could perfectly satisfy the imperious demands of the County Councillors, and the authoritative requirements of the Lord Chamberlain. The Stalls, as constructed, with the gangways after the Covent Garden Opera plan, are a model of comfort and elegance. May many Managers follow suit!

Quite in keeping is it with the necessary puffing, required by every place of amusement, that smoking should be permitted in certain corridors, in lounge, and vestibules. But better ventilation is advisable here, or soon may arise a complaint about “The Smoke Nuisance.” To let out the smoke, which in his theatre is his own to do as he likes with, will repay the Manager as well as letting out any of his numerous companies at so much a night in various provincial and suburban districts. This fine auditorium must have cost a pretty penny; there is no doubt as to the “prettiness,” while the “penny” stands for a good round sum.

Now let us approach the footlights. Company unlimited as to talent in orchestra, ruled, not by a board, but by one “Director,” the fiercely-bearded, energetic IVAN CARILL, who conducts with spirit the sparkling “numbers” composed by himself, LIONEL MONCKTON, and PAUL RUBENS.

And now, crossing the “flote,” let us “go upon the stage.” Rarely, if ever, has the experienced HAWES CRAVEN painted brighter, lighter, or more effective scenes than these illustrating the “new musical play” entitled *The Orchid*, whereof the words are by one TANNER (perhaps, if “Tanner” be the slang for “the ridiculously small sum” of sixpence, or fourpence, as we are informed it is, then a multiplication of tanners would have produced a very superior article), and the “lyrics” by those eminent “old hands,” ADRIAN ROSS and PERCY GREENBANK.

In spite of the fascination of Miss GERTIE MILLAR, the cockney absurdities of Miss CONNIE EDISS, and the alertness to seize the smallest opportunity for acting shown by Miss ETHEL SYDNEY, and in spite of all the quaint humour of that most ridiculous little person, EDMUND PAYNE (a real artist, mind you, but here without much chance of giving us a taste of his best quality), and in spite of the quaint comicalities of the two “Juniors,” Messrs. GEORGE GROSSMITH and FRED WRIGHT, of the eccentricities of Mr. NAINBY, and of the quiet humour of Mr. HARRY GRATTAN (made up to closely resemble Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, by permission presumably of the other Chamberlain, by whose orders, an our memory serves us, the actors in *The Happy Land* and *Kissi Kissi* were forbidden to make up as Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. AYRTON, and the SHAH)—in spite of all the efforts of “all the talents,” there is nothing in the piece, either in song or dialogue, that can possibly excite us into



“No, I DON’T WANT A GREAT CARICATURE OF A THING. I WANT SOMETHING SMALL AND DAINTY—SOMETHING I CAN PUT ON A CHRISTMAS CARD AND SEND TO A FRIEND.”

splitting our gloves, with applauding and encoring, and our sides with inextinguishable laughter. But the dancing girls of the chorus, the pretty galaxy of Terpsichorean talent, these, and not the play, are “the thing” at present. For as the entire show is on a lively level, no doubt the aforesaid “Juniors” will from time to time receive “refreshers” in the matter of new songs, dances, and such new eccentric business (with the accent on “the new;” as one of the funniest bits, where GROSSMITH and PAYNE represent two street singers, was anticipated by PASSMORE and somebody else at the Savoy some few years ago) as may occur to the lively imaginations of the combined geniœ obeying the summons of their master, “Jingling GEORDIE.”

After all, times have not much changed since the days of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, when at *Montagu Tigg’s* dinner party Mr. Pip said, quoting his friend “the Viscount,” “What’s the good of SHAKESPEARE, PIP? I never read him. What the devil is it all about, PIP? There’s a lot of feet in SHAKESPEARE’S verse, but there ain’t any legs worth mentioning in SHAKESPEARE’S plays, are there, PIP? . . . Do I go to the theatre to be lectured? No, PIP. If I wanted that, I’d go to church. What’s the legitimate object of the drama, PIP? Human nature. What are legs? Human nature. Then let us have plenty of leg pieces, PIP, and I’ll stand by you, my buck!”

As regards the Gaiety we say ditto to the Viscount. Let this be the home of the Leg-itimate Drama; but we go by leaps and bounds beyond his lordship and Mr. Pip in asking that plenty of opportunities may be afforded, by the capable authors, to the eccentric artists and good comedians who form the majority of the company, of giving us something more than a mere sniff of their dramatic quality.

It is fair to say that there is hardly a dull moment in the whole show, except, perhaps, where the ex-Colonial Secretary delivers himself of speeches on the subject of *The Orchid* that gives its name to the piece.

A Saving Grace.

[“Quite a number of the new peerages are without heirs.”
Westminster Gazette.]

It sweetens the gall in the commoner’s cup

When his fortune with theirs he compares,

To think, though perhaps our new peers are stuck up,

That at least they don’t give themselves heirs.

ON AN ATLANTIC LINER.

EXTRACTS FROM THE TRAVELLING DIARY OF
TOBY, M.P.

Nearing New York: Friday night.—Our last night at sea: get up entertainment with intent to turn honest penny for Liverpool Seamen's Orphanage. Our Purser engaged talent and stage-managed affairs, beaming with delight at a little *coup fortune* flung at his head. All very well for *Campania* and other Cunarders to draw for their entertainment upon the resources of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, PINERO, SHERIDAN, and eke HENRY ARTHUR JONES. We had on board a live dramatist, with a brand-new play in his portmanteau, ready to read to the company at least the First Act.

Not quite sure that all the credit belongs to our Purser. Rash to say he discovered the Dramatist: fancy Dramatist, overcoming constitutional and professional modesty, discovered him. However that be, all the joy was for the passengers, gathered after dinner in dining-saloon.

In due course Dramatist presented himself. Audience in stalls noted with uneasiness bulky proportions of volume of type-written MS. he carried. Looked rather thick for one Act; probably it covered the untold treasures of the whole play.

With keen instinct Dramatist desired at outset to enable the company to realise the scene through which the puppets of his genius played.

"Here," he said, walking up to the piano, "is the balcony, and here," with rapid stride to the starboard, "is a settee; here," he added, in voice that thrilled the stewards, "is a window."

Difficulty of grasping the situation in absence of stage accessories increased by artless manner in which the Dramatist, anxious above all things for accuracy, turned his back on audience.

"And here," he said triumphantly, "here's a door R, and there"—pointing to the sideboard stored with unfinished bottles of passengers' wines duly labelled—"is another door L."

At this stage a gentleman of the pit, unable to control his emotion, loudly clapped his hands. With the sensitiveness of genius, the Dramatist misunderstood the motive.

"Now look here, Mr. HARVEY," he said, bending beetling brows on the well-meaning critic, "I've enough of you in the smoking-room. If you're going on like that I will not read the play."

A sympathetic cheer from the audience soothed the irate Dramatist. Feeling he had given HARVEY Sauce, he opened the book and proceeded to read.

An excellent play, but a little mixed. As far as could be made out there were two sisters, *Elsie* and *Mary Ann*, Dramatist particularly inviting our attention to the remarkably striking situation, effected as it were by a stroke, in the very first scene. On reflection I'm not sure that they were sisters. Their relation was rather that of maid and mistress. Any how *Elsie* was 38, tall, bony, muscular, and the other one (who if she were the mistress could not have been alluded to as *Mary Ann*) was 21, pretty, *petite*.

Then a parrot figured largely in the early scenes. Brought up to ejaculate moral reflections it one day startled mistress and maid, specially the maid, by utterance of a remark of loosely-formed connections.

There I lost the clue. But shortly after there entered on the scene two gentlemen, one named *Paddyshaw*. That was how it sounded when read. But as he was not a funny person, his patronymic may have been the more dignified *Padihash*. Soon after a widow entered, and in the course of conversation fell asleep—at which, to be frank, I don't wonder—on the settee. Now we knew why that piece of furniture had been carefully indicated. She, lightly raising her dress (whether before or after going to sleep the text did not make clear), displayed "a little of her ankle."

Words cannot convey an idea of the playful naughtiness the Dramatist threw into his voice and expression as he mentioned this fact. *Mr. Paddyshaw* opined that the widow ought to be wakened. How to do it? "Tickle her nose with a feather," said the other afternoon caller. No sooner said than done, a feather being abstracted from the widow's bewitching hat. Opening her eyes, the widow murmured, "Where am I?" They told her; conversation proceeded—in five minutes widow discovered asleep again, having once more surreptitiously arranged a not indecorous display of ankle. Another feather; further application to the nose; the widow once more opened her eyes and softly whispered, "Where am I?"

Now was *Paddyshaw's* opportunity, and he seized it with the swiftness and directness with which only great masters of the drama can inspire their creations.

"Why," he remarked, "that is just what you said before."

Here was a great chance for the curtain, which would have fallen amid enthusiastic applause. The audience began to look anxiously for it. But the drama was only opening, the Dramatist merely getting into stride. The First Act occupied appreciable portion of what was left of the evening.

When it was over the Chairman, a dull-witted person, anxious only to please, rose and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, you will understand that the pleasure we have enjoyed is confined to the First Act of the play. I think I shall be expressing your feelings if I ask our friend to read at least another Act."

Such appalling silence fell over stalls and pit that even the Chairman saw there was a mistake somewhere; fumbled off into announcement that the collection (judiciously taken before the reading) had yielded a trifle of £30 for an excellent institution.

This was tragedy. Comedy followed sharp on its heels. The men rushed off to the smoking-room, their overwrought feelings indicated by consuming thirst. A group sat at one table making effort to recover their spirits. A ring stood round, joining in the light talk and laughter following on revulsion of feeling. Suddenly the ring was broken into, and at the table stood a small, spare-figured man, with coal-black hair, ashen grey face, and flashing eyes. Thumping the table he said, "I am a Spanish gentleman and I have come to fight you."

"What for?" we asked, each trying to edge a little further from this representative, probably lineal descendant, of

Don Desperado,
Who walked on the Prado

in the days of *Amyas Leigh*.

"You laughed at me," he hissed through clenched teeth, "I heard you."

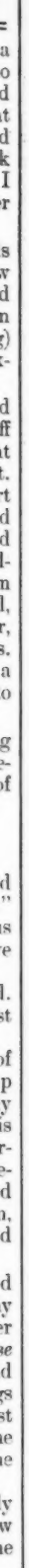
We protested that till he had done us the honour of joining our company we had not been aware of his existence.

"You laughed at me," he repeated. "I am a Cuban gentleman. I must fight you."

Always anxious to make the best of things, I drew his attention to a plump Irishman, who was in truth largely responsible for the incident, since his stories caused the laughter thus murderously misconstrued. This gentleman, whose burly figure far out-topped *Don Desperado*, was, I assured him, spoiling for a fight, and we could arrange it for the early morning.

The well-meant interposition proved inopportune. The Don turned a gloomy blood-shot eye on me, as if I were rather more in his line. At this stage a *posse* of stewards appeared on the scene, and taking up the Don lightly by legs and shoulders carried him forth just as if he were a Member of the House of Commons who had defied the Speaker.

We all agreed that the fun was only just beginning when the lights of New York shimmered ahead, signal of the end of a pleasant voyage.



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A REGAL REPUBLICAN WEDDING.

(From a Newspaper of the Future.)

YESTERDAY, in New York, KARL XXXVIII., Prince of Kleindorf-Keingeld, was married to the only daughter of Mr. SPENDER U. BETT, of Chicago. The wedding was celebrated with unprecedented grandeur, the magnificence of the arrangements entirely eclipsing all previous efforts in such ceremonies, dual or otherwise. It is needless to say that the floral decorations were such as have never been seen, or even dreamt of, before.

The exterior of the church was entirely concealed by masses of flowering plants hung in rows on the walls, and the west door disappeared in a bower of roses. In the original scheme superb palms were to have formed an avenue from the roadway to the door, but Mr. BETT having observed that outstretched palms on the side-walk were actually suggestive of poverty, so inappropriate and disgraceful, had ordered the substitution of a mass of golden chrysanthemums, of the rarest kind, brought by special steamer from Japan, and by special train from San Francisco.

The interior of the church was also entirely concealed. The whole surface of the walls in every part was covered with white roses glued on. The pulpit and font were transformed into huge bouquets of orchids. The floor was covered with the finest white velvet, on which was a layer of lilies three inches thick. Across the nave hung great ropes of edelweiss, obtained at stupendous cost and immense risk from the most inaccessible parts of the Alps. The special editions of the New York papers, published after each rehearsal of the proceedings during the last six days, describe the floral decorations as the unsurpassable *ne plus ultra* of high-art chic.

The bride's dress was of a priceless white satin, of which only fifty yards exist, originally made by order of a Queen of Spain. It was trimmed with lace of stupendous value, which belonged to the Empress JOSEPHINE, and the very long train was almost concealed by superb pearls, at one time in the possession of the Empress CATHERINE of Russia. The bride carried, by way of contrast and as a compliment to the bridegroom, a posy of German wild flowers. However, the posy cost three thousand dollars, for two experienced gardeners travelled from Germany and remained alternately, day and night, in attendance on the wild flowers, growing in pots, in a special deck state-room of an Atlantic liner. The bridegroom wore his crown, and his state robes over the gay uniform of the Commander-in-

Chief of the Kleindorf-Keingeld fire-brigade. The father of the bride wore his uniform as Fürstlicherschinkenhof-lieferant, having received that title from His Serene Highness.

On previous occasions bridal parties have usually been annoyed by vast crowds. This was skilfully prevented by Mr. BETT, who hired the entire length of Fifth Avenue for the day by a payment to Tammany of one million dollars. The cross streets were blocked by soldiers and police, and a battery of artillery occupied the junction with Broadway. In spite of all these precautions the ceremony was almost delayed by two unfortunate incidents. Three ladies, wives of Senators, were found concealed among the flowers at the entrance, and



QUOTATIONS GONE WRONG.

"BUT ME NO BUTS."—Richard the Third.

were escorted out of the Avenue by the police. A few moments later a Judge of the Supreme Court actually managed to penetrate to the interior of the church. He alleged in excuse that he did not see it was a church, and thought it was a flower show. After his name and address had been taken at the nearest police station he was allowed out on bail.

The seven hundred select guests afterwards attended the reception at Mr. SPENDER U. BETT's palatial residence. It is impossible to describe the flowers which, as usual, entirely hid everything. Even the chimney-pots were wreathed with orchids. In honour of the bridegroom a large gold cask, specially made, stood in the reception room, and Tokay was served from it in priceless Venetian glasses, said to have belonged to TITIAN himself. Afterwards, their Serene Highnesses left by special steamer for Kleindorf-Keingeld.

As to the presents, no words can do justice to them, and no figures can adequately represent their value. However, it may be mentioned that the diamonds alone are computed to weigh ninety-seven pounds.

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMAN.

["I look forward to that glorious limelight when perfectly-trained artists will play perfectly-written plays before perfect high-tea audiences in a municipal theatre built on the banks of the Serpentine by the London County Council."—Miss Lena Ashwell.]

Off when the critics, grown irate,
Incontinently rage,
I close my eyes and meditate
The future of the stage.
O, what a fairy tale of gold
Is going to be written
When all the visions I behold
Are realised in Britain!

First, 'mid the many things I con,
A school of acting see,
Where every budding histrion
May grow into a TREE.
A dream of beauty yet unknown
Upon my fancy flashes—
Just think of all our saplings grown
To tall and stately ASCHES!

The play itself shall learn to take
An upward flight. In vain
Shall melofarce attempt to make
A RALEIGH in the Lane;
The music play shall cease to live,
Nor shall the public lightly
Be satisfied if actors give
Their DAILY CARYLLIS nightly.

PINERO, JONES and GRUNDY too
Shall shrink, abashed and dumb,
Before the unborn SHAKESPEARE who
Is just about to come.
Their masterpieces are o'erthrown,
And in their stead I see a
New drama—as to which, I own,
I haven't much idea.

And what an audience! No more
The over-eaten swine,
Recumbent in their stalls, who snore
Through one's most telling line;
But shrewd and wakeful all shall be,
Because each Little MARY
Teas at some frugal A. B. C.
Or inexpensive dairy.

Nor need they, as in days of old,
Townward their courses take;
A model playhouse I behold
By Serpentina's lake,
Where perfect actors ever ply
Their glorified vocation
At princely fees provided by
The Borough Corporation.

NEW NAME FOR SEA-SICKNESS.—*Mal de Little Mary.*

MR. PUNCH'S SPECTRAL ANALYSES.

VIII.—THE REFORMED HUMOURIST.

"WHEN I told you," said the Headless Man, "that ghosts never played practical jokes on human beings, I meant, of course, hardly ever. It is not considered good form, and all the better class of spectres set their faces against it. But you get an occasional case here and there with a very young ghost. You can't expect old heads on young shoulders, can you? If you aren't particularly anxious to get to sleep?—Then you might care to—? Very well, then."

"No. 704523186 Holborn was about the very wildest young spook that ever came across to the Back of Beyond. Most ghosts have sown their wild oats by the time they leave the world, but he had been cut off early, before he had time to get rid of that youthful exuberance which is so painful to the thoughtful spectre. He had, I believe, broken his neck while robbing an orchard. At any rate he was a mere boy when he came across, and you would hardly believe the trouble he gave the authorities. Things came to a head when he checked—there is no other word for it—when he checked RHADAMANTHUS in open court. 'That boy must go,' said RHADAMANTHUS, 'and that's all about it. I don't care how young he is, he must be given a haunting somewhere. I shall never feel easy in my mind till I know that the Styx is between us. Make out his papers.'

"So they made out his papers, and off he went. The house to which he had been appointed belonged to a bachelor. I believe his name was BROWN. On the night of his arrival, the ghost went to the smoking-room to announce himself. Brown was sitting before the fire, smoking. No. 704523186 flitted into the room, and coughed.

"'Hullo, kiddy,' said Brown, looking up, 'and what might you happen to want?'

"'Don't call me kiddy,' replied the ghost with hauteur. 'If you really want to know, I've come here to haunt this old shanty.'

"'Brown rocked in his chair. 'Haunt!' he shouted. 'You! Oh, don't make me laugh, I've got a cracked lip.'

"'All right,' said the boy bitterly, 'all right. You just wait.' And he began haunting that night. I suppose

no ghost ever had quite such a thin time. Whatever he did, Brown simply laughed. He tried everything. He groaned: Brown smiled—the smile that wouldn't come off. He turned himself into all sorts of things: the smile became a grin. He disappeared with a report like a pistol shot: Brown had to be helped to bed by his servant. So at last he gave up trying to frighten him, and thought of another plan. He thought it would be a great triumph for him—'no end of a score,' as he put it—if he could induce BROWN to go hunting about for non-existent buried treasure all over the house and grounds,

"'Oh, all right,'" said the ghost, huffily; 'if you don't want it—'

"'Hold on, don't go. But why dig to-night? Why not to-morrow morning after breakfast?'

"'My good sir,'" replied No. 704523186, 'have you ever known buried treasure dug for except at night? It isn't done.'

"'Brown was persuaded. He dressed, got a spade, and sallied out. There was a frost, and the ground was like iron. It was hard work digging, and No. 704523186 flitted about, chuckling to himself. 'Hot work,' he said, after a quarter of an hour.

"'Doooid,'" said the man, wiping his forehead. 'You're sure the treasure is here?'

"'Oh, quite, quite. Keep moving.' And off he went again.

"'When he had been at it for about an hour No. 704523186 went into the house to fetch an overcoat. When he reappeared, Brown was no longer digging. The ghost shimmered up to him. 'Mr. Brown,' he said.

"'Yes?'

"'I may as well tell you,' said the ghost, 'that there's no treasure there. Not a penny.'

"'No,' replied Brown with a genial smile, 'there is not. I have just taken it all out.'

"'You've what!' stammered the ghost. 'You don't mean to tell me there *was* treasure there?'

"'To the tune of one thousand pounds,' said Brown, 'and thank you very much for your kind co-operation.'

"'No. 704523186 uttered one unearthly shriek, writhed, and fled. He re-appeared amongst us a fortnight later, a changed spectre. Before, he had been flippant and boisterous. Now he seldom spoke, and his youthful exuberance had entirely disappeared. He is now one of the most respected ghosts in the whole of the Back of Beyond. He has a rooted hatred of practical jokes."

"'But how,' I asked, 'did the treasure come there? Was that ever found out?'

"'Well,' admitted the Headless Man, 'I own I never quite understood that part of the story. The tale was that the thousand sovereigns were buried there by the editor of *Snippy Shots*, a weekly paper of high literary aims, and it was supposed to have something to do with some competition or other. But



A QUESTION OF SEX.

Benevolent Old Gent (a bit puzzled). "AND ARE YOU BOTH BOYS?"
Tommy (in trousers). "NO, SIR. JOHNNY'S GOING TO BE ONE NEXT WEEK!"

while! he hovered near and did the laughing. He had heard of one case where a facetious spectre had persuaded his host to pull his house almost to pieces by these means. It was worth trying. He accordingly woke Brown up at two o'clock next morning.

"'I say,' he said.
"'Aw'ri,' muttered Brown. 'Leave it on the mat.'

"'Treasure,' howled the boy. 'Buried treasure. Under the flower-bed.'

"'Brown sat up. 'What's that?' he asked.

"'Do you want some buried treasure?' inquired the ghost. 'There's a lot of it hidden under one of the flower-beds.'

"'It's very cold,'" said Brown.

SOME UNTAXED IMPORTS FROM ITALY

WHO WEAR AN UNWONTED AIR OF GAIETY JUST NOW.



we can't swallow that, can we? Even an editor wouldn't go and do a silly thing like that, would he? No, how the money came there I can't imagine, but there it was, and Browns found it, and the moral of *that* story is, if you must play practical jokes, stick to the old-fashioned apple-pie bed, and don't try to be too original. G'night."

And he vanished.

SOMEWHAT TOO PROGRESSIVE.

(A Reactionary Protest.)

"PROGRESSIVE dinners" are described in last week's *Gentlewoman*. After the first course the hostess rings a little bell. Each man seizes his bread and napkin and moves two paces to the left. A servant follows him with his wine-glasses. In this way each man can chat with each lady.

This is excellent discipline for "Little MARY." If the twentieth-century digestive apparatus will stand a two yards' spurt, an obstacle race, an introduction to a new partner, a re-adjustment of ideas, and a fresh inventory of glassware and other portables at intervals of five minutes, say, throughout the course of a Progressive dinner, it (or she) will stand anything. By the end of the entertainment the male portion of the guests—it appears that they only are to circulate—will be in a state of wonderment whether they have been assisting at a table-turning performance, an earthquake, or a game of musical



chairs. If to the householder three removes are equal to a fire, this particular meal should have the effect of a volcanic eruption on a modern sybarite. As to knowing who's who, or who's where, after boxing the compass once round the dinner-table, this would have to be given up as a bad job when the convives are so very cinematographic and mixed. But, perhaps, Little MARY will put her foot down and revolt against such treatment.

There is, indeed, a danger that the "progressive" mania may extend in other directions. Next week we shall be hearing of a progressive clothes

party, where every one assumes his neighbour's costume, and discards in turn for some one else. This will be all right for a "quick-change" artist, but we fear that the portly City man and the elegant West-Enders will have difficulties with their environment.

Let us be warned in time, too, against "progressive" evenings at the theatre. This would mean consecutive visits to the fifty odd (but legitimate) temples of the drama in the metropolis between 8 and 11 P.M., or an average of about three-and-a-half minutes at each. This would be too much for the Highest of Tea-ites or the Squarest of Mealers.

And in view of the appalling statement of a lady writer that ninety-nine out of a hundred women wear wigs, some wicked leader of the so-called "Smart Set" may start the game of "Progressive Coiffures." The fashion would have to be followed, of course, but it would be too "diskie" for words, though amusing enough for us other males and the hundredth lady whose locks are irremovable.

Lastly, some irresponsible *mésallié* is sure to suggest the variation of "Progressive Households"—but here we are treading on delicate ground. We shall leave it, it is to be hoped, severely alone. We are not a German regiment.

"Progressive Dinners," in fact—to make a salad of metaphors—are the thin end of a wedge which must be nipped in the bud before they get out of hand and involve us in a social, or rather unsocial, Feast of Misrule.